THE LILY.

A LADIES' JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly.---TERMS---Fifty Cents a Year, in Advance.

VOL. 8. SENECA FALLS, MAY, 1851. NO. 5.

Written for the Lily.

SOUND THE NOTES OF GLADNESS.

TUNE.—*Child of Sin and Sorrow.*

Sound the notes of gladness,
Far let them fly—
Spirits—bowed in sadness,
Look up on high.
Oft as before, mourn ye no more,
Sound the notes of gladness,
Far let them fly.

Bondsmen now are breaking,
Loose from their chains,
Evil paths forsaking,
Hope yet remains.
Sing, then, O! sing; heavens arches ring,
Bondsmen now are breaking,
Loose from their chains.

Better days are dawning,
Glorious and bright,
Heaven's celestial morning,
Beams on the sight.
Sad hearts rejoice, raise your glad voice,
Better days are dawning,
Glorious and bright.

Dekalb Centre, Jan. 1851. J. W. G.

GLOVES AND CIGARS.

From Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine for April, we make an extract which we particularly recommend to husbands who smoke cigars and grumble at the cost of their wives' gloves and handkerchiefs.

"I MUST really have a new pair of gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the afternoon paper, but he laid this down and looked crossly up.

"Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored, and was about to answer tartly; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said,

"Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves; and I have been out a great deal, as you know, in that time."

"Humph!" And, having pronounced these words, Mr. Morris took up the paper again.

For several minutes there was silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on: at last, as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured to remark by way of indirect apology,

"Business is very dull, Jane," he said, "and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I am hardly making my expenses."

The wife looked up with tears in her eyes.

"I am sure, James," she said, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought, by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was re-trimmed. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always nice, and scold, if I appear in the street with a shabby pair on."

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct: however like most men he was to proud too confess his error except indirectly.

He took out his pocket-book and said,

"How much will satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other etceteras? I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for a dollar, whenever you want a pair of gloves, or a new handkerchief."

The wife's eyes danced with delight. She thought for a moment, and then said,

"I will undertake, on fifty dollars, to find myself in all these things."

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red-hot, and stared at his wife.

"I believe," he said, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend fifty dollars in gloves and handkerchiefs in half a dozen years."

Mrs. Morris made no reply for a full minute, for she was determined to keep her temper.—But the quickness with which her needle moved showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said,

"But how much do you spend in cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker; and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sum his wife asked. He picked up the paper and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you enjoy it so much," she said. "But surely a cigar is no more necessary to a gentleman than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expend a hundred dollars in one, I don't see why you should complain of me wanting fifty dollars for another."

"Pshaw," said the husband, finally, "I don't spend a hundred dollars in cigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a quarter box every three weeks; and each box, you say, costs about six dollars, which at the end of the year, makes a total of one hundred and four dollars."

Mr. Morris fidgetted on his seat. His wife was aware of her advantage, and smiling to herself, pursued it.

"If you had counted up, as I have, every dollar you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes and ribbons, during a year, you would find it amounted to full fifty dollars; and if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost, you would see that I am correct in my estimate as to them."

"A hundred dollars! It can't be," said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife, "Put into my hands a hundred dollars to buy cigars for you, and fifty to purchase gloves and etcetras for me. I promise faithfully to administer both accounts, with this stipulation, that, at the end of a year, I am to retain all I can save of the fifty, and to return to you all that remains of the hundred."

"It is agreed. I will pay quarterly, beginning with to night." And he took out his purse, and counted thirty-seven dollars and a half into his wife's hand.

And how did the bargain turn out? Our fair readers have no doubt, guessed already. Jane continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and, at the end, rendered in her account, by which it appeared that Mr. Morris had smoked away one hundred and ten dollars, while his wife had spent only forty on gloves, handkerchiefs, and shoes, the ten dollars she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar box full, without calling on him for the deficiency till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the ten dollars, with a long face, but without a word of comment. He has ever since given, of his own accord, the fifty dollars allowance to his wife.

Husbands, who think their wives waste money on gloves, should be careful to waste none on cigars.

From the Windham County Democrat.

A SKETCH.

"Woman's Rights!" exclaimed Fannie Lee, a fine city girl, who with her cousin Emily was taking a stroll over the lovely hills and beautiful meadows of her uncle Whiting's magnificent farm, tossing the new mown hay and inhaling its sweet odors. "Woman's rights! what think you cous. will come next? I am perfectly ashamed of my sex! they act and talk as if they thought we were an abused and oppressed class. Holding Conventions—making speeches! Then there are lady Doctors, and Ministers, and Editresses, and I know not what else! O, what is the world coming to?—Have not I been an oppressed child? I have always been kept at school, only when I was travelling, and have had as much money as I wished!" And her merry laugh bounded away upon the air.

"No, dear Fannie," said Emily, "you have not felt the bitter hand of poverty crushing your fond hopes and dearest aspirations. You know nothing of the trials which many of the daughters of New England are obliged to pass through.—Therefore you are not a competent judge. Come, take a short walk with me, and I will show you why noble-minded and philanthropic women are willing to meet censure and ridicule, *aye scorn too*, for the benefit and elevation of their sex."—A quick step soon brought them near a large country school house, just as some fifty bright eyed and happy faced children came hopping and

dancing out. They were soon followed by a lady whose intellectual countenance and care worn look bespoke her their teacher. "There," said Emily, "is a lovely girl, who has fought against the bleak winds of adversity from her childhood to the present time. A less persevering mind would have, long since, given up in despair. At five years of age, her father died, leaving her and her widowed mother, dependant upon their own labors, and the cold charities of the world. The mother, nothing discouraged, toiled early and late, and although her weekly earnings amounted to only what a man could have earned in *one day*, yet by dint of economy and prudence, and the daughter's assistance, whenever an opportunity presented, they managed to support themselves, and gain for "our Teacher" a thorough education at the age of 17. But the severe toil and anxiety had been too much for the mother, and she soon became an invalid. Then all the energies of our young friend were called into action. She engaged the primary department of the village school and has been a very successful teacher for three years. She has $15 per month, while the gentleman in the other department of the school—who has no better education than herself—gets $28. Now, my dear Cous., *does this lady have her rights?* The sum she receives is barely sufficient to support herself and sick mother. Where is she to get any thing to lay by for a rainy day? If her mind and energies become exhausted—her constitution enfeebled, and she wishes to take a journey, and cull the rich advantages of travelling and sight-seeing, and gather honey on which to feed the mind, during the coming season of ceaseless toil, she has no money to do so. Although she is a better instructor than most men, yet, is she not a woman? and who would think of paying her as much as if she were a gentleman?"

As they pursued their walk, Emily pointed to a low cottage. "There," said she, "lives a brother and sister, who having heard of the luxurious fields of science, long to revel among its sweet flowers. Already, in imagination, have they reached the top round in the ladder of fame, and tasted the Pierian spring. To enable them to realize their anticipations, they have "gone out to service." He receives $20 a month. She rises as early, works as late and as hard as her brother, and gets *six dollars!* When they go to school, she will have to pay just as much for books, board and tuition as he will. *Does this girl have her rights?*"

The next door opened into the home of a widow, whose pale and emaciated countenance, told of a wearisome life. "There," said our heroine, "is a woman who is maintaining a little family of children by binding shoes. She rises with the robin, and midnight finds her at her task. In two hours she can close and bind one pair, for which she gets *six cents*. The man who finishes them, can do it in three hours, and gets *forty-two cents!* She pays as much for rent and provisions as he. *Does this woman have her rights?*"

A few steps more found them opposite the "Poor House;" and, as they slackened their pace, Fannie exclaimed, "what tale of woe, cousin mine, have you for us now? do tell it quickly, for already my buoyant spirits have fallen below zero!" Emily replied, with a smile, "I was going to tell you the sad tale of old grandmother S——, there she is, (pointing to an old lady who was sitting by the window,) and her face so worn with the wrinkles of disappointments and sorrow, is the very opposite from the calm, holy expression which should rest upon the countenance of one, so soon to lay by this prison-house of clay, and become an inhabitant of the heavenly mansion. She was married in early life to a very respectable young man, and in due time became the mother of two sons and three daughters. The sons died while young men in the bloom of life: the daughters all married, and after a few brief years, died, leaving little families of children. Last of all, when she was over sixty years of age, her husband died, leaving her a widow, and childless. The $1800 which she had worked so hard to help accumulate, must then be divided. The farm rented for $60 per annum. *One third* of that she could have yearly, while she lived. One third of the personal property amounted to nearly $200; which in her feeble health, was spent in a few years, and she has had only the twenty dollars, yearly, to help herself with for some time. The other *two thirds of her property* was divided among so many grand children that they are very little benefitted by it, and are none of them in a situation to give her a home. Although she is a pious woman, yet repeated afflictions have somewhat soured her mind, and to be obliged to seek a home in a Poor-house, is more than she can submissively endure. She feels that her property should support her while she lives. and at her decease, if there is anything left, let it be divided among her heirs. *Has this woman had her rights?*" Suppose the woman had died and her husband lived: would the property then have been divided among grand children? No! man knows better how to make laws *for man!* We know there are some people who sneer about woman's rights, and "wonder what rights they want that they do not have." But we bless God that there are men with enlightened and philanthropic souls, who see that woman is not what she should be; that her advantages for *procuring her own* education and maintainance, *are not what they should be*. Woman herself, has aroused, and looks the facts steadily in the face. And they have set a *ball* in motion which all the jeerings of the periodicals, with their "Hen Conventions," and like matters, *cannot stop*. The poorest boy has, long since, been enabled to walk leisurely up the Hill of Science, and seated upon its summit, is culling new truths, and astonishes the world with his investigations. Woman aspires to drink at the same intellectual fountain—to roam in the same luxurious fields. The intelligent and the good are beckoning her on. The *age* is carrying her forward. The starry host, as they pursue their undeviating course through the trackless heavens, whisper encouragement. The ringing waters of the hill-born river, as it widens and expands, growing smoother and deeper, until it reaches the desired haven, tells her, in sweet and musical numbers, that she must and will succeed! Upward and Onward, are her insignia! Excelsior her motto! E * * * *

Wilmington, March, 1851.

LETTER TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

You know, girls, it is an old adage that "Doctors differ;" and those who undertake to follow the law and the testimony will often get puzzled by the law going one way and the testimony the other, while both beckon the follower! The law and the prophets should be your guide, but when the prophets say "do this," and thou doest it, and the law comes along just after and says "thou hast greatly sinned in so doing," you will feel very much like throwing the prophets out of the window, and the law into the lumber closet to be out of the way. Here is just a case in point. Last week I was scolding you for a regular set of dirty faces, and insisting you should bathe every day, and after I had finished I took up "The Lily," to see what Mrs. Bloomer was talking about, and there was the following:

Damper to Bathing.—The last number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal utters the opinion that "once a week is often enough to bathe the whole body for the purpose of luxury and cleanliness. Beyond this we consider bathing as injurious. Flannel worn next the skin at all seasons is proper, and infinitely more healthful than all the daily baths now so fashionable." The argument by which this opinion is supported is as follows:

"The oil which is secreted by the sebaceous glands of the skin, serves the purpose of lubricating its surface. Now, if this secretion is constantly removed as fast as exuded, its destined object is thereby defeated. The excretory ducts of the perspiratory glands themselves, require this unctious matter of the skin to keep them in action. If very frequent bathing of the body is practised, it must be obvious that [illegible] cannot be long present to perform its office to the assimilations of functions of the [illegible] lungs, it will be apparent that when the skin imperfectly, or ceases to act at all, the lungs have an extra amount of duty to perform; and it is generally in just such cases that engorgement of them takes place, constituting inflamation, or pneumonia."

Poor Mrs. B. gets this piece of immaculate wisdom from her scientific neighbor, and begins to shiver at thought of the many times her teeth had chattered with her cold douche of a winter morning, when she might have been so comfortly rolled up in a greasy red flannel chemise; then like ourself, she begins to creep at thought of the incessant scratching which said sheepish envelope must needs occasion, and ends with this sensible conclusion:

"This bull against bathing from the learned M. D's. so opposed to what hundreds of others of the Faculty have told us, is just another proof that every man must attend to his own body and soul as best he may. There is no end to the different theories for the salvation of souls and bodies, but a little experience for one's self is better than all."

My opinion about flannel next the skin is, simply, that I would not wear it if all the doctors now living should bring the authority of all who are dead, and add a perspective title to the wisdom of the college embryos, and all the M. D's, yet to be born, and condense it into a prescription of a flannel envelope next my skin, I would not wear it.

The argument which these M. D.'s use against bathing is, the skin is covered by nature with oil, and this should not be removed, but if these solons were accustomed to washing dishes they would know that cold water would not wash off grease. The most delicate leaves and flowers are all "lucubrated" in somewhat the same way a human body is. They are varnished with a soft, unctious matter to prevent water from rotting them, but old dame Nature bathes every one of them once every twenty-four hours—keeps them in the bath eight or ten hours out of the twenty-four, besides giving them a thorough drenching semi-occasionally. The old lady must be a bad nurse, or she would swaithe the lily, rose and violet in red flannel wrappers to preserve "the oil which is secreted by the sebaceous glands of the skin." The argument of the Medical Journal holds good against *warm* bathing or washing with soap. Either of these will remove oil which ought to remain. A housewife knows this by the withering of the skin on the hands after wash-day. The hot water, soap and soda, extracts the oily covering from the skin, and so with any one who washes her face and hands frequently with soap. Her complexion is quickly spoiled—the skin gets a hard, withered look. It is a general idea among house-keepers that washing dishes is good to preserve the hands soft and white, simply because the grease in the dish-water supplies the place of the natural oil which is extracted from the skin by a continual use of soap and hot water; hence the very proper practice of greasing the hands and putting on gloves before going to bed. Every woman who cares to preserve the usefulness, flexibility and beauty of her hands, should adopt the practice.—There are many very good and pretty toilette preparations for the purpose, but any grease without salt effects the object. Flax seed oil is perhaps the best.

No one who cares to preserve the health and consequently the beauty of the skin, should wash with either soap or warm water unless in case of cutaneous eruptions, pimples, or the like, but cold water will remove nothing from the skin which ought to remain. Rubbing with a towel, after its use, will no more rub off the lucubrating oil than rubbing furniture with a silk handkerchief will take off the varnish. I never did like a coarse towel, and always use soft diaper.

My experience about this bathing business is, that I was the first of mother's children born after an attack of putrid sore throat and scarlet fe-

which her life had been dispaired of, and her physician said never could have been with anything less than her fortitude constitution. I inherited the effects of a predisposition to consumption from who, with a number of his family, died of disease. I was the first daughter after three born when my parents were in easy circumstances; and thus had the *benefit* of being a family favorite, and being forever under the care of "the best physicians." Even their subsequent poverty did not deprive me of these advantages. How I survived them is now the wonder; but mother's natural good sense sheltered me a little from the calomel cloud which hung over my childhood. Like every body else then, she had good faith in doctors; but when one had a fever she *would* give them cold water, sponge the skin daily to make one comfortable, change the clothes frequently and air the room well for the same effect; and besides she thought the natural cravings of a sick heart and stomach, should be gratified. Twice she saved my life at the last extremity, by putting the medicine all away and giving me something I wanted, and nothing I did not want. Myself and one sister, who, like me, was very delicate, and could not always take strong medicine, are now alive, while the five healthy children of the family were in their graves long before mother died. Medicine, medicine, medicine, was the order of the day. Every body I knew was taking medicine. The stomach was to be cleansed with a dose of calomel as regularly, if not quite as often, as the kitchen was to be scrubbed. A fit of toothache often called for a dose of calomel. Mother used the best light, or what is thought to be the best light, viz: the advice of the scientific men of her day; and her creed, the Confession of Faith and Catechisms, larger and shorter, taught the taking of medicine as an important religious duty. Buchanan's Domestic Medicine was always at hand and the medicine chest well and carefully supplied, to be ready for emergencies, when the doctor was not close by. Finally, when I took the consumption, at the age of fourteen, she rebelled against her life-long guides. She would not let the doctors salivate me, although two or three declared it was the only chance. The case was a desperate one. The fate of father and his family, our complexions and blue eyes had always been taken as an indication of the will of Providence that both sister and I should die early of consumption; and now consumption had come for me. Elizabeth was several years younger, and would, of course, follow in time. Mother had removed to the country after father's death as the only hope of raising her youngest, and here consumption caught the other.

Her bark was floundering in a tempest, and with a courage which awakens my wonder now, she threw pilots, charts, and compass overboard, seized the helm, and turned the prow to the North Star. It was the first decided stroke for freedom. My sunken chest she took all sorts of common-sense, mechanical means to enlarge, expand and straighten out. With her hands she would draw my shoulders into their proper position, and by a constant supervision made me keep them so. All external pressure was removed, and I was constantly reminded to breathe freely, deeply. My breast and neck she made me bathe plentifully with cold water to prevent fresh colds. Every care was taken with my diet so that no impurity of the stomach should interfere with the lungs. Every morning I had to take about two table spoonful of bitter camomile tea, cold, in a few moments after the white of a raw egg, and then walk out. It was summer, and the windows of my bedroom were taken out and put away in a corner. She did everything to induce me to sing, and though dancing was a great sin, in the evenings she used to sing while we danced. What become of my consumption I never could tell, but certain it is I have not seen a sign of it for sixteen years. I can read aloud two hours without fatigue, and not once in three years does a cold produce the slightest cough. The emergency past, mother relapsed in a great degree into her life habits. Her doctors and, doctor books had been the companions of many sorrows, were associated with the graves of her dead, and so were not lightly, to be dismissed. There is an invisible chain to bind us to all connected with our sorrows, and so medicine still had a very important place in the domestic economy of home; but we began to have varieties. Lobelia contended with calomel for the crown of dominion, and both were harassed by sallies from patent nostrums; and finally the whole generation of vipers began to yield to the best medicine ever invented, "nothing." We all began to take nothing, at first, in small doses, doubtfully: but gradually increasing in confidence in this great remedy, now think "a shoulder of nothing and no turnips with it," the best medicine in a general way. Certainly there is no "all healing ointment" or "cure all" bitters which can compare with it. But I am in advance of my story, and must go back and begin again next week.

J. G. SWISSHELM.

Written for the Lily.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

Certainly this is an age of advancement. New discoveries are every day being made in the arts and sciences. The treasures of knowledge are being opened to all. The great truths of right, and equality are every day becoming more and more apparent; and nations, which for years have been chained down by the fetters of ignorance and oppression, are about to throw off their chains and assume their rights among the nations of the earth. The great question whether man is capable of self-government has long since been decided; and now comes up one not second to it in importance—whether woman is created equal with man, and endowed by her Creator with certain inalienable rights. Must woman stand by the side of man as an adviser, friend, and companion? Or was she made merely to be his slave, to minister to his wants, or a plaything to beguile away his idle hours. Must the portals of knowledge be forever closed to her, and must she be forbidden to appear in any public capacity, merely because by the more favored sex it would be thought indelicate? That man is superior in physical strength we are all willing to admit, but that he is naturally superior in intellect, I at once deny. True, at the present day we have far more intelligent well educated men than women; but why is it so? It is because women have been deprived of those advantages which it has been man's privilege to enjoy. Woman has for ages past been forbidden to occupy the exalted position which a kind and benevolent Father intended for her. Man has been the law-maker, and whatever he willed she has tamely submitted to. The question whether it was *right* for man to do thus and so, has never until recently occurred to her. The remark has been made that the Bible does not place woman over man's head, or under his feet, but by his side, where she should be. It is a beautiful idea; but woman does not yet stand by man's side. The laws of the country, public opinion, and false delicacy forbid her occupying the situation designed for her by her Creator. Had the great Law-maker intended she should only fill the humble station where man has placed her, he would have given a different code of laws for her government. She would not have been held equally responsible for her actions here. But we learn in that same Bible which is so often quoted to show woman's inferiority, that "in Christ Jesus, there is neither male nor female," and that woman must appear at the same tribunal with man, to give an account of the manner in which she has improved the talents which God has given her.

Much has been said about woman's being deprived of her property, of her being forbidden to enjoy the fruits of her own labor, and her not having a voice in making the laws; but these things are trifling in comparison with the wrong she has suffered by being deprived of the advantages of education. Let us look for a moment at things as they really are. The sons of our wealthy farmers are at an early age, sent to college, and all the facilities necessary to acquire a good education, are lavished upon them; while the mothers and daughters remain at home toiling from morn to night to provide the means to educate the brothers. The daughters are sent to the district school perhaps three months out of the year; they learn to read and write, which their parents think is about all that is necessary for them to know. The son, after he has been at college a year or two, in making his annual visit home, notices that his sisters do not appear quite as well as some of the city belles he has associated with in his absence. He speaks to his parents about it, and after due consideration they decide to send them to a celebrated boarding school some fifty miles distant. They remain there, perhaps, six months, and return prepared to take their place in society. They are certainly improved in some things—their manners are more prepossessing—they have more of an air of fashion, but are no more intelligent, and posses no more sound knowledge than they did before they left home. At an early age they are married to men who have had the advantages of a good education. But look at the contrast! Is it to be expected that such a man will be long pleased with his uneducated wife? Is it to be supposed two souls so different in thought, and feelings will long harmonize? No wonder that before the honeymoon is over, he leaves her to spend her evenings as best she may, while he goes out in search of more congenial spirits.

How long must woman submit to such injustice? how long ere the scales shall fall from her eyes, and she shall resolve to brave public opinion, and determine not to give the struggle over until she enjoys the same advantages which are so freely tendered to man? Woman possesses a moral power, if she would but use it, sufficient to break through the interminable barriers of prejudice, and to set public opinion right on this important subject. All thanks are due to those of our sex who have had the courage to come forth, fearless of the world's censure, and boldly demand their rights.

It is not only ungenerous but unjust in man to pronounce woman inferior in intellect, so long as he deprives her of the means of becoming his equal. Whenever woman has had the opportunity to cultivate the powers of her mind—whenever the faculties of her soul have become fully developed, she has shown to the world that if we are not superior to man we are at least his equals. But a brighter era in woman's history is about to dawn. Men are becoming convinced of the great truth that woman needs to be educated. Some to be sure, took fright when we began to talk about our right to a voice in making the laws. They seem to think, poor souls, that their homes are going to be made desolate—that their wives are all going to Congress, and then what will become of their families? Don't give yourselves any trouble on that score, gentlemen, for we promise you that if we can have the advantages of education, we shall not make any the worse wives and mothers. We may not be decoyed into marriage at so early an age, but when we do assume those solemn responsibilities we shall be the better prepared to fulfill them.

M. C.

When Miss Hannah Moore asked Doctor Johnson why he drank no wine, he honestly and wisely said—"Because if I drink at all, I shall drink too much. *Abstinence is as easy as moderation is difficult.*"

Of all the modifications of manner which are to be met with in society, perhaps the most generally pleasing is simplicity, even as that water is the purest which has no taste—the air the freshest which has no odour.

Sir Philip Sidney proved that he knew the world when he said that "doing good was the only certainly happy act of a man's life."

The American steamer Pacific crossed the Atlantic Ocean in nine days and twenty hours.

From the Young Lady's Book.

DEFENCE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY WM. HOSMER.

That women have their rights in the social system cannot be denied. Various estimates have been formed as to the extent and character of those rights. Some, not satisfied with depriving the female of all political privileges and duties, would place her under the same circumstances, socially and intellectually. This spirit has long characterized the course of popular education.—It was not enough that woman should be divested of almost every civil right except that of mere protection, a right which is extended even to brutes; but she must be made to feel her degradation in mind as well as in body. The frivolous and restricted education allotted to her would only awaken regret for what she had not, without at all satisfying the demands of her intellectual capacity. This evil is now universally felt, and there are indications of a return to juster principles. But return will not take place, to any sufficient extent, unless the female mind is aroused to its own interests. Woman must assert her own rights, or they will not be asserted; she must vindicate herself, or fail of receiving justice. Her rights are as palpable and unquestionable as those of men, but she has not known them, and therefore not demanded them. They would have long since been accorded to her in all their fullness, if she had made her appeal to the tribunal of public opinion, and enforced that appeal by the irresistible weight of argument at her command.—By what means has she been defrauded? Certainly not by any intentional injustice. Man has wronged woman through ignorance and not through malice. She has suffered because her guardian was ignorant of her claims. To remove this error is the first thing necessary towards a reform in female education; and for this purpose large dependence must be placed upon the intelligent co-operation of females.

They are the first, if not the principal, sufferers by this unjust treatment. They are therefore the best and most authoritative advocates of reform. From them the voice of complaint will be heard with respectful attention, and even indignant upbraidings for such great injustice would not be deemed out of place. What right has man to arrogate to himself all the higher institutions of learning? Woman shares with him in the common school and the academy, but why is she excluded from college—from every college in the land? The State bestows its largest benefactions on these institutions, and the most able instructors that can be procured are employed to give the highest practical finish to education; yet woman may not approach these halls of science, her step would profane them—she must be reserved for a lower destiny. Occasionally without such advantages, she will rise above her caste; the force of genius is sufficient to ensure eminence in spite of all obstacles: but this does not at all palliate the outrage upon her rights.

The fact that some women become distinguished under their peculiar privations, only shows the enormous wrong done to the sex by withholding the proper facilities for distinction.—In reserving to our sex all these advantages—in monopolizing opportunities, we have thrown almost the entire mass of literary and professional eminence into one side of the scale. Hence the social system is not equally balanced, and cannot be, till the cause of this disparaging inequality is removed. But the effects of the evil are not confined to woman. As the "mother of all living" she transmits her infirmities to her offspring, and they must feel, to the latest hour of life, the disadvantages of having had an ignorant mother.—The domestic circle—that place so filled with hallowed recollections—will become the source of bitter regrets to the discriminating minds in after life. It need not be argued that women have by far the greater share in forming the youthful character, as no one denies the fact; and we withhold education from those who, as teachers, fill the most responsible station. That woman, in view of her maternal duties, should insist upon literary equality, is perfectly reasonable, although such a consideration is by no means the first motive that should induce us to do her justice. She has personal, inalienable rights, which must be restored, and the restoration of these is a sufficient motive for the contemplated change of policy. If her own mind sees clearly the degradation which it is now suffering, she will need very little assistance in gaining a true position: a consciousness of the necessity involved in her plea, will give to that plea irresistible force.

Ignorance cannot defend itself. Woman must be elevated before she will realize the wrongs inflicted upon her. At every point she needs the impenetrable ægis of knowledge. Put her in possession of the means of defence, and she will not be wanting in ability to use them. Give her science, and she will not relinquish the gift.

It is principally through ignorance on her part that her morals have been so recklessly assailed by the customs of the day. An educated class of females would never have acquiesced in these abuses. Too ignorant to lead, she has submitted to be led, and the consequences to domestic happiness have been incalculably ruinous. Christianity itself has not been able to arrest the tide of licentiousness and folly. Society has moulded her character; she has given herself up to a succession of corrupt, debasing compliances, as though God had not made her with independence enough to be virtuous, or with mind enough to be rational. Without literature, woman must ever be the sport of this tyranny. She may have religious principle, but that principle will be sacrificed for want of knowledge to give it expression. As a subordinate in the intellectual world, others must give direction to her life, nor will she feel competent to sit in judgment on the character of their doings. Nothing less than equality of mental culture can either effect her disenthalment, or secure the possession of her rights, if by any foreign agency they could be restored to her.

SALESMEN vs. SALESWOMEN.

There is a striking difference between Philadelphia and New-York, in the attendance of their retail dry-goods stores. In the former the attendants are all or nearly all *females;* in the latter, all or very nearly all *men*. How much more preferable and suitable, in every respect, is the Philadelphia custom. The avenues of employment for respectable females are so few and limited, in comparison to those for men, that they should not be interfered with by the latter. How much more appropriate, too, is the above occupation for women than for men! I almost lose my temper when I see a fellow standing six feet in his stockings, or a neat dapper-dandy of less dimensions, "dressed to kill," measuring out a yard of ribbon or tape, or descanting on the color or shade of a piece of silk, placing it in folds to hold in different lights, in order to show "how beautiful it would make up." I consider it only one remove from a man-milliner! How much more proper and agreeable one would suppose it would be for the ladies to be thus waited upon by their own sex. The number of females that find such employment in Philadelphia, cannot be less than 8,000 or 10,000. Besides these individuals themselves, how many connected with them, must be benefited by the amount thus honestly and respectably earned.—*Bulletin.*

FRIENDSHIP.

The friend who shows to me the mirror of myself, who conceals no defect, gives me friendly warning, and heartily scolds me when I have not fulfilled my duty—he is my friend, however little he may appear so. But when one flatteringly praises me, always commends me, never rebukes me, assists my faults, and forgives me before I have repented—he is my enemy, however friendly he may appear.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

At a convention of women held in [illegible] April last, it was resolved that we the women of Ohio will meet annually in Convention to consult upon and adopt measures for the removal of the various disabilities—political, social, religious, legal and pecuniary—to which women as a class are subjected, and from which result so much misery, degradation and crime.

The undersigned were appointed a Committee to issue a call and make necessary arrangements for the Convention of the present year.

As men and women have the same origin and destiny, and can therefore have no legitimate aims or interests independant of each other—as their relations and obligations are mutual—as the bonds that unite them are inevitable and indissoluble—as whatever degrades or ennobles one has a corresponding effect on the other—it is fitting that men should co-operate with us in our efforts at emancipation from the ignorance and thraldom of ages. We therefore cordially invite all the friends of Self-Government and Human Equality to meet in convention at AKRON Summit Co., on WEDNESDAY, 28th of May next, at 10 o'clock in the morning.

To all the friends of Reform, in whatever department engaged, we say—come, give us your presence and counsel. Give it for the sake of our cause. Give it because none of the kindred efforts to alleviate humanity can fully realize their objects while one-half the laborers in Reform are disfranchised by law, perverted by education and degraded by the opinions and customs of society. War will continue to devastate the nations—Slavery, political and personal will crush humanity—Intemperance and Sensuality will pollute the earth, while so much of the moral power which should be arrayed against them is lost by the position Woman now occupies.

C. D. SMALLEY,
M. L. GILBERT,
E. ROBINSON,
Com. of Arrangements.

***Newspapers generally, of whatever party, are requested to publish the above Call, or at least to give their readers notice of the time and place of the Convention.

FEMALE LABORERS.—A growing evil in all parts of this country and one which shows a lamentable state of society in this most democratic country, is the depressed and oppressed condition of those females who are obliged to get a living by their own hands.

The labor of men is, owing to the vast competition, at a little above the starvation point; but as depressed as it is, it is far better than that of females. It is almost an impossibility for female laborers to gain a livelihood by honest labor.—They may, by shutting themselves up in a factory some twelve or sixteen hours a day, make a tolerably comfortable living for a few years, but no constitution can long withstand the draft upon it by this continual confinement. Within a few years, the best constitutions sink under the gross violations of nature's laws, that are universally called for in such occupations. It is not in the factory alone that these evils are seen. Seamstresses are poorer paid—fully as unfortunate in getting adequate pay for their toil. In most cases their pay falls far below the mass of factory operatives and in thousands of instances it is not enough to keep them from absolute starvation and to save their lives they rush into a course of life—worse to them than death—which is condemned as most sinful by the very employers who have driven them to such a course. The position of the laboring female of this country is perfectly appalling and should arouse every friend of equal rights to speak in her behalf. Nay, she should speak for herself in tones that could not be misunderstood.—*Providence Mirror*

How often in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth! And how in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint!

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

MAY, 1851.

WINE AT PARTIES.

Instances have recently come to our knowledge where the wives of Sons of Temperance have unblushingly introduced wine at their social parties. Did not our information come from an undoubted source we could not credit such a story. The wife of a Son of Temperance serving wine at a party! And where was the husband pray, while the wine was being drunk? He must have been a strange Son of Temperance who would knowingly suffer visitors to be drugged with alcohol in his own house! We go for woman's rights decidedly, and so we do also for the rights of men. A woman should be mistress in her own house, but there may be times when man should be master. If a Son of Temperance finds the hated tempter in his house against his will, he should politely ask it to leave. If it refuse, then he should try what virtue there is in force.

The complaint is generally on the other side. Women excuse themselves for having wine at their parties by saying they "could not help it—their husbands *would have it*." This is a flimsy excuse. If men will have wine at a party against the wish of the wife, she can refuse to get up the party at all; or if the wine is brought into the house, she can throw it out. "Oh that would offend our husbands!" Well, suppose it does? If your husband will not listen to your persuasions—if he cannot be induced to give up the wine, then it is not only your right, but your duty, either to refuse to make the party, or to throw the wine upon the ground. Better he should be angry for a day or two—better that you should bear his frown, and his blows if he chooses to give them, than that your guests should be drugged with that foul poison which will not only degrade and destroy them in this life, but which will ruin them eternally.

So, if there is a woman so degraded as to be willing to aid the rumseller in his work of drunkard-making by treating her guests with that which she well knows will lead them step by step to destruction, then it is the right and the *duty* of the husband, if he disapprove of her course, to endeavor to persuade her by fair words to abandon her purpose. If she will not listen, then let him, without her consent, place the tempting beverage beyond her reach, or dash it to the ground in her presence. A scene may ensue—she may pout awhile, but what of it? He has not only saved his own and her credit, but he has perhaps prevented a brother from taking his first step in drunkenness, and saved her from the guilt of ruining a fellow creature.

It is strange to us, how any woman making claims to respectability, can, in this enlightened day, so far stoop from her true womanhood as voluntarily to become the servant of Satan by enticing men astray from the paths of sobriety and virtue, and luring them step by step down the dark road of intemperance to irretrievable ruin, and an eternity of remorse and despair. It is enough to chill the blood with horror, to see woman—acknowledged to be God's most perfect work, and endowed with every faculty for the elevation of her race, thus stooping to minister to the baser appetites and passions of men.—Well may the vile rumseller chuckle, to see ladies preparing victims in their parlors, for his slaughter house. Well may Satan grin a fiendish triumph, when he sees men yield to the winning smiles, and persuasive words of the fair tempters, and present to their lips the poisoned chalice! Well may angels weep, when they see the fairest of God's creatures fall to a depth so low!

THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK, *or Principles of Female Education*; by WM. HOSMER, Editor of the Northern Christian Advocate.

When this book was first brought to our notice we took it up rather disdainfully, supposing it to be another of those clap-trap concerns on etiquette got up to please ignorant and simple-minded young ladies. But we were most agreeably surprised on examining it, to find—instead of the coinings of a shallow brain—the true principles of female education set forth, and the present defective system exposed, with a master hand. Woman as a Human being—as a Social being—her Moral, Intellectual, Physical, Domestic, Civil and Ornamental education are fully considered. It is just the book needed at this time, and we hail its appearance with feelings of unbounded delight.

The author says, "these pages owe their existence to a deep conviction that the present system of female education is essentially defective. As a friend to human improvement, he could do no less than contribute to the best of his ability to remove the evil." Well has he performed his task! nobly has he espoused our cause, and the thanks and blessings of woman should be his reward! He claims for her as a moral, social, and intellectual being, all the rights and advantages which man possesses, and proves that she has been deeply wronged in her education, and that her condition is one of inferiority in every thing.—It is a cheering indication of an improved public sentiment, and of the justness of our claims, to see a christian minister thus bursting the shackles of old prejudices, and barbarous superstitions, and coming forth to plead in behalf of justice and humanity that woman shall be restored to her true position.

We think the author unfortunate in his selection of a title. There are so many trashy works bearing the same, or nearly the same title, that many will be prevented from looking into it on that account. Again, it being a *young* lady's book, older ones will think it not for them; whereas it is designed for old as well as young, for married as well as the unmarried, and will prove truly useful to all classes of readers. We give on our fourth page a chapter from the book, and hope it may create a longing for more, and that our lady readers at least, will obtain and read the work. Nothing more truly useful can be read; fathers and husbands would confer a blessing upon their families by presenting their wives and daughters with a copy, and by reading it themselves. It is a handsome bound volume of three hundred pages, and kept for sale at the principal bookstores. Derby & Miller, of Auburn, publishers.

Mr. CATTARAUGUS CHRONICLE, our eyesight is perfectly good as yet, and we have no defect of vision, so don't need to follow your suggestion about the leather spectacles. As for our *sense* we will not speak so confidently; people will have their own opinions on that point, no matter what we think. We suppose however if our sense is not "common," it must be *uncommon*, or rather more than common. We beg pardon for having given you credit for what does not belong to you, and our excuse is, that the article in question came to us *second hand*, and the "two lines at the beginning" were not there at all.

However inapplicable our former prescription may have been, we think it just the thing you need now. After letting off so much bile at us, your stomach must be even more riled than was Mr. Fuller's of the Mirror over the draggley dresses, and the cold shower would no doubt have a settling and refreshing effect.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

Although there has been many well authenticated stories circulated about the strange and wonderful manifestations of the so called spirits, we could never bring ourself to believe that real, disembodied spirits had any agency in the matter. First, because we saw no possible good they were doing, or could do, by their communications, secondly, if the spirits of our departed friends wish to commune with us, why do they not do so directly, like honest sensible spirits, instead of through such low mediums, and in so unsatisfactory and groveling a manner?

We had the pleasure of listening, a few evenings since, to C. Chauncy Burr's exposure of this spiritul humbug.. He proved, conclusively we think, to all present, that the whole thing is a gross imposture. We never have been favored with an interview with the genuine rappers, so cannot say of our own knowledge whether the counterfeit was correct. Others say it was.—We certainly heard mysterious raps in answer to questions, saw a table rise and balance itself on two legs, and heard "celestial music" floating about the room. Had Mr. Burr come here to dupe the people instead of to enlighten them, he would no doubt have made some believe that this was all the work of spirits. He explained in a pleasing manner how the thing was done, and we think those who heard him will require pretty strong proof from the spirits, to convince them that they, and not the "mediums" are at the bottom of all the rappings and thumpings we read of.

☞ We will furnish THE LILY to subscribers for *twenty-five cents* for the remainder of the year, commencing with April. We have yet a few back numbers which we can supply at former rates, if desired. Now, friends, please interest yourselves a little in our behalf, and send on a few more names for THE LILY.

GRAHAMS MAGAZINE for May, contains its usual amount of good reading matter and several fine engravings, but is minus the dowdy Paris fashion plate. We do wish all our magazine publishers had sense enough to exclude these plates from their books entirely, or else introduce less objectionable ones.

OUR DRESS.

Our having donned a short dress and trowsers is made the subject of much newspaper comment. Some of our editorial brethren commend us highly, while others cry out against this "usurpation of the rights of man." We had no thought that our putting on a convenient and comfortable dress was going to raise such a breeze throughout newspaperdom, but since the wind is up it must spend its strength, and die out. People can say their say, and we shall not trouble ourself much about it. We are our own housekeeper and servant—we wash and iron, bake and brew, cook and wash dishes, make beds, and sweep the house, &c. &c., and we find the short dress much more *convenient* than the long one. to say nothing of the *comfort*, and the saving of dirt from our skirts. All the ridicule which low-minded men and simple women, and their ill mannered boys see fit to indulge in at our expense, will not induce us to lay it aside.

We should like to know from whence men derive the exclusive right to wear the bifurcated garment. They surely cannot bring the bible in proof of *this* right. Helena Marie Weber says:

"The nether garment was first worn in the bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembled the modern trowsers we have no definite information; but the fact is worth keeping in mind that women were the original wearers of trowsers. The exclusive claim which men so pertinaciously maintain to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim, without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which they assigned solely to man, is the natural token of his sex. But man effeminates himself, contrary to the evident purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then, lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress, the wearing of which by the female sex, he declares to be a grave misdemeanor.

Common sense teaches us that the dress which is most convenient, and best adapted to our wants and circumstances, is the dress most proper for us to wear. Scarcely a case can be imagined in which the superiority of the male attire is not palpable. I am cognizant of no reason why women should not wear this dress. If girls were accustomed to it from an early age, we should see fewer delicately formed women, and none with overlapped ribs."

It is generally known that Miss Weber has adopted the male attire throughout. We agree with her as far as the *right* to wear such a dress, goes, and in regard to its utility, but we have no desire to follow her example. We think something may be substituted far prettier than the common coat and vest, and high crowned hat worn by men; there is a stiffness about them unsuited to a lady's taste.

Our cotemporaries are giving us more credit than belongs to us, in this matter of dress. The short dress did not originate with us, nor in our village; it has been worn for months by ladies in different sections.

☞ Many Unions of Daughters of Temperance are being instituted in the western part of this State. Aside from the influence these Unions exert on the Temperance cause, we think they may be made profitable to the members by the social feeling they create, and by giving them capacity for public speaking and business transactions. They may serve to elevate the mind above the follies and vanities of life, and incite to nobler aims and purposes.

MOCK MODESTY.

There is a mock modesty among women which we cannot sympathize with, or tolerate. We always think the heart which is so very sensitive must be impure. None are so likely to think themselves insulted as those who are ever looking for insult. None are so ready to accuse others of impure thought and action, as those whose minds never rise above the level of low and debasing passion. "To the pure all things are pure" and, we suppose, *vice versa*.

These remarks are occasioned by the fact that owing to the publication in the March number of the Lily of an article on "Woman's Dress," by Mrs. Gleason, a lady—one of our old subcribers, was so offended, her modesty so shocked, that she declared she would never suffer another copy of the paper to come into her house; and it was forthwith ordered stopped. Now we care nothing about her stopping her paper—that she had a right to do, if she chose; but we will take occasion to say, that she is the only one whom we have heard speak of the article in question, that did not think it a highly useful and interesting one. In selecting it we had no thought that we were doing anything immodest, or that it would shock the delicacy of any woman. We knew it to be true, and felt the importance of women learning the truths it contained. It was written by a woman, for the benefit of women, and we did not consider it out of place in a paper owned and conducted by a woman. This only shows that our sense of propriety is less acute than that of some others, and our feelings less delicate. We are not the only one, however, who is wanting in modesty, for we see our good friend Mrs. Nichols has placed the same article conspicuously on the first page of her paper. She will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that it is thought too indelicate for a modest woman to read. Wonder if those very modest ladies are not ashamed of being women!

THE NEW COSTUME.

There is so much said about the short dresses that women are all aging to know what this new costume really is. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive a letter from some quarter, asking for patterns, and a description of the dress. We have thought best to answer these numermerous inquiries through the Lily, as it is quite a tax upon our time to reply to them all by letter. We understand the gentlemen have also much curiosity on the subject, which we deem it proper should be gratified.

Our costume is as yet by no means perfected; there is a lack of harmony in the dress we now wear, which is nothing different from the reigning fashion, except that our skirts have been robbed of about a foot of their former length, and a pair of loose trowses of the same material as the dress, substituted. These latter *extend from the waist to the ankle*, and may be gathered into a band and buttoned round the ankle, or, what we think prettier, gathered or plaited up about two inches in depth, and left sufficiently wide for the foot to pass through, and allow of their falling over the top of the gaiter. They may be trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer. Instead of the whalebone bodice, the dress should be made with a sack front, entire from the shoulder to the knee, and a tight back, with the skirt gathered in as usual; or cut the whole in the sack style—fitting the form to the waist, and then let it swell out, giving sufficient fullness for the [illegible]. Shawls must be abandoned, and a sack or [illegible] la take their place; a nice fitting boot or [illegible] and a round hat would make the whole unique.

Our dress is thus far a mere experiment, and not what we think it should be. It takes time to revolutionize one's wardrobe, as well as one's opinions.

We give below specimens of letters we are receiving on this subject. As they were not designed for publication, the names of the writers are suppressed. They show how ready women are to fall in with any change by which they may be relieved from their long heavy skirts.

SOUTHBRIDGE, Mass., April 20, 1851.

MRS. BLOOMER, Dear Madam:—Having long thought that some improvement in ladies' apparel by which to get rid of long dresses and skirts, with their undue weight and inconveniences should be effected, it was with no little pleasure that I read in the "*Tribune*" that you had adopted a short dress and trowsers. I am glad that you have succeeded in discovering a satisfactory plan for a lady's suit, in which is not involved the inconvenience and discomfort above mentioned; and I am not less pleased to know that you and some of your townswomen have manifested sufficient courage to adopt and make it practical. I could with pleasure say more upon the subject, but will not occupy your time in the discussion of a topic with which you are probably much more conversant than myself.—But while I congratulate you, permit me to solicit a description of your new suit, with regard both to style and material. Patterns of the various parts would be most acceptable, and if it be not asking too much permit me to say that if you will transmit them by mail I shall be not only grateful, but will remunerate you for your trouble.

I am with respect yours, ——

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I take up my pen to respond to an article I noticed a day or two since in the *Tribune*, as coming from you, advocating short dresses. It met with my most joyful acquiescence. I was most happy to learn that others felt as I have long felt upon the subject.—Fashion seems to be our guiding star; we are her willing subjects, though slaves bound with the most galling chains. I have felt her oppressive weight till Nature cries, *throw off her yoke, be free!* I have attempted. I have laid aside the long-waisted, whaleboned bodice, which I believe cannot be worn, as it generally *is worn*, without serious injury to the wearer. And I also, feeling a desire to tread the dear haunts around my native home where Nature's scenery is ever beautiful to the eye, without any impediments, made a short dress and pantalettes. I was alone in the matter—none to join in its virtues, but all ridiculing me with as great a degree of merriment, as if I were a baboon or some other horrid creature, only created to be made sport of. Even my own home members were conspicuous actors in the scene. You may imagine then my joy to read that the editress of The Lily says some thought her *queer*, but some followed the fashion. May it be persevered in, till a dress adapted to health and comfort be sought for, and worn by every intelligent and refined lady.

I never heard of you before, nor saw the paper of which you are editor, but I already love you and can bid you God speed. And your paper must be truly a charming one if it bears any resemblance to the lovely flower from which it derives its name, for even "the wise man in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Now if you would be so kind as to inform me of what material your pants are made, whether of the same with the dress, and what style of dress you think the most comfortable, healthy and pretty, you will gratify, very much, one who is ever upon the alert for the right.

Respectfully yours, ——

...here has been a society formed in War... ...coming county, called the Brothers and ... of Temperance. They hold frequent ...ings, and are laboring in earnest to break up ...sale of intoxicating drinks in that quarter.—...is as it should be. We believe more good ...y be done where men and women act togeth... ...than where they act separately. We never ...d like the idea of men locking themselves up ...alone in one room, and women locking them...selves up alone in another—especially when both ...are laboring in the same cause, and for the same object. We go for a union of the "Sons" and "Daughters," and we never will like the "Sons," "Odd-Fellows," or "Masons," till they let their wives and sisters meet with them, and take part —an *equal* part in the proceedings. If they are doing good they need not be afraid to let their wives know it,—if their works are evil, they should themselves be ashamed of and abandon them.

☞ We frequently receive letters from strangers requesting us to send specimen numbers of our paper. This we are at all times willing to do, but we think common politeness would dictate that gentlemen at least, should pay postage on such letters. We can excuse such an omission in a woman, for women's purses are generally rather scantily supplied, and they may not have the wherewith to pay; but when men subject us to ten cents postage on a letter asking a favor of us, we consider it a gross imposition.—We cannot afford to give away our paper and pay people for taking it into the bargain.

☞ Through a mistake of the printer, The Lily for this month is printed on paper of inferior size and quality. We suppose it is the "devil's" work.

Written for The Lily.

Dear Lily,—I have just returned from a visit to my cousin Sobriny's, where I passed the time most pleasantly. I met there, a great woman's rights fact, in the form of a tall, stately girl of eighteen, full of life, energy, and vigor. She sings and plays delightfully, can dance and waltz like a fairy, has exquisite taste in dress, and is a genius in the culinary department. She is equal to Fanny Kemble, as a horsewoman—can drive or ride any horse, leap ditches and fences, is active and brave, and knows no fear of man or beast. She can travel on foot or horse with any one. I heard of her taking a trot of forty miles, not long since, with but one short halt, to rest her horse. I had the pleasure of taking a stroll with her in the woods; *stroll!* as she called it, though I was on the gallop, all the time. I being a guest, she was determined to do all in her power, for my enjoyment; so instead of telling me all the gossip in our circle of friends, of her individual admirers, and proposers, or showing me her satins, laces and jewelry, she invited me to take a walk; not on a plain smooth road, or on the sunny bank of some quiet lake, but to survey acres of rough land redeemed from a watery grave. So she marched me round, mile after mile, through woods, and over streams, pointing out to me the beauties of the broad straight ditches, with their lime bottoms, the richness of the soil, &c. One morning whilst I was there, she went out to the marsh, to help a gentlemen who was clearing up a little spot, and she picked up five cart loads of sticks and pieces of stumps, with her own hands. In all our rides about the country and neighboring villages, she was our driver. We found it very pleasant, to be independent of all horde, learned and unlearned, and just call on this Mt. *Vernon*, whenever we wished to take a drive. ...ed to laugh in my sleeve at the commanding air with which she would drive up to the Hotels, with a large double carriage and two spirited steeds, hand the reins to the hostler, give directions about her horses, and then help Sobriny, myself and the children out of the carriage.—Sobriny in her short dress, and pants, and *Di.* with her whip and horses, make the natives stare in that region. They drove all about the country last winter, petitioning for the exercise of our right to vote, peering into every nook and corner, stopping travelers on the highway, and women at the wash tubs, expounding to them the great principles of equality. They sent about 600 names on their petition; I doubt whether any other district did so well. This hero of mine, I am rejoiced to say, seemed to have no taste for worsted work, crotcheting, or the light device on muslin or cloth. The only time I saw a needle in her hand was when stern necessity compelled her to darn her own stockings. At this business, she passed almost every evening, interlining the darning with some fine sallies of wit, or humorous recital of her many adventures. I can see her now seated by a table, with a round felt hat on her head to shelter her eyes from the dazzling light of a solar lamp, her left hand muffled in a stocking, and a long needle in her right, which needle, I must confess, seemed to me to do rather more gesticulating, than darning.

This is a girl after my own heart. I do hate a sickly, sentimental, half-developed, timid, lazy, needle-loving woman; and just here let me say that those women who can afford it, ought to do their own house-work and put out their sewing, if they desire to enjoy any degree of health and vigor. All kinds of house work add to ones strength, but sewing is a dead loss. True, you cannot keep your hands looking quite so fair, but with a little care, one can do a deal of work, and yet keep their hands in quite a presentable condition. Wear old gloves as much as possible; one can sweep dust, clean knives, stoves, and brass, make beds, iron clothes, carry wood and water, and many other things in gloves. I see no reason why we may not handle all our domestic utensils with gloves, as well as gentlemen in a quadrille. Mrs. Swisshelm, in one of her letters to country girls, you remember, gives some very good advice on this point; but I am writing you a long letter, and must stop right here.

Yours truly, Stanton E. C. S.

American Hotel,
Albany, March 10.

Mrs. Editor: When congenial spirits of either sex impress each other with their thoughts, there at once arises a friendship between them, which lives until their physical death; and even death cannot deprive it of life. Congeniality of sentiment is the soul's contentment.

Noble minds, engaged in noble matters, in a noble manner, are a model nobility; and the noblest minds will experience no detraction from their dignity, by expounding the importance of using with moderation whatever is known to be beneficial, and of wholly abstaining from whatever is known to be injurious.

Wherefore he who in thirst prefers a draught of wine to one of water; like him who thirsting for knowledge peruses a low-meaning novel, rather than a journal of literature, acts unwisely. Surely it must be more pleasant to forego a dram than to face a painful death; yet, liquor-drinking gives death new life. If water saves more than it kills, wine kills more than it saves; yet whoever knew water to injure those who used it judiciously; or wine to help those who used it at all? Still the latter generally seems to be better than it is, while the former always is better than it generally seems to be. The majority of those who favor wine-drinking are not in favor of the rights of woman; and those who oppose woman's true rights must indeed be given to unlawful desires. If woman is not as well calculated to commence, she is certainly better calculated to continue a great reform; for if man has the most philosophy, woman has the most patience; and patience is excellent philosophy. If man has the most power, woman has the most perseverance; and perseverance is power. If man has a few more facilities than woman, she has much more faith than man, and faith has a facility which is of electric quickness, and as sure as quick.

If woman can never do as much good, she is e er willing to do more good than man. What woman has done we may know; what she is doing we must see; what she will do is to be seen. Meantime, let woman both obey and rule; likewise let man both rule and obey.

Yours, indeed, H H. T.

SHORT DRESSES.

A Reform that Takes us.—A Mrs. Bloomer who edits a "Lily" paper out in Western New York, has come out boldly, theoretically and practically, for a reform in ladies' dresses.—She goes for short dresses, and leggins of one kind or another,—anything to get rid of the abomination of sweeping skirts and nasty dresses, wherein good taste, neatness, convenience, or any other cardinal virtue find no place. She makes some converts, too, we are glad to see. Her example is spreading in the neighboring towns.

We plant ourselves on this Reform. Sink or swim, live or die, smiles or no smiles, broomsticks and parasols fly, point, or punch, as they may, we give our hand and heart to this Reform. "Short dresses or no pin money"—let this be the rallying cry of Benedictdom. Let Bachelordom take up the cry, and shout, "Short dresses or no husbands." Stand firm, brothers, and a glorious victory shall be ours!

[Springfield Republican.

The Weather—Short Dresses.—On Saturday a soaking rain filled our streets with water and mud, and ladies who went to church yesterday in long dresses, returned home thoroughly convinced of the practical convenience of short ones. We saw several splendid silks with about four inches of mud plastered around the bottom, making a very unsightly looking border, and the wearers looking as uncomfortable as a brood of young chickens in wet grass. Several of our city ladies however, have had the good sense to adopt the new fashion, without waiting until it loses its oddity by becoming universal, and tripped over the damp pavements without any more inconvenience than if they were walking in a parlor. [Syracuse paper.

A lady in a short dress, and with loose trowsers, gathered at the ankle, passed through town a day or two since, and produced quite a sensation among those who chanced to be in and around the depot. Her dress was very rich, and we have the authority of a lady witness for saying that it was beautifully becoming. We learn that it begins to be noticed that those who are most disposed to adopt the new style have small feet, and those opposed, large ones. The success or failure of the fashion will depend, therefore, on "the understanding." [Springfield Repub.

The Turkish Dress.—Quite an excitement was produced at the steamboat landing day before yesterday, at the appearance of a couple of ladies with the short, Turkish dress. They were traveling in company with gentlemen, and were evidently people of cultivation. A revolution in female costume is undoubtedly in preparation.—There can be nothing more ungraceful than the long, *drabbling* dresses which sweep the streets and steps wherever ladies move. As a matter of personal comfort, the Turkish dress must be most agreeable, in addition to its beauty. The change would be great. At first, rather trying to ladies, to be sure, but it can not be worse, nay half as bad as the transition from "balloon sleeves" to the close dress of the present day, or many other changes which fashion brings about every few years. In point of beauty, no costume is equal to that of the Turkish. Its convenience is superior to all others. [Oswego Jour.

The smell of the violet lasts as long as the smell of the rose; and so, perhaps, the blessing of the poor rises as high as the blessing of the rich.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Written for the Lily.

TO MARY——

Thou hast a little brother,
Thy young heart's fond delight,
With ringlets soft of golden hair,
With eyes of hazel bright.

When first I saw his features,
And the radiant smile they wore,
He seemed an angel visitant,
From heaven's celestial shore.

Methinks that thou art happy,
With thy brother by thy side,
O mayest thou be unto him,
A lovely angel guide.

And may ye walk together,
In the sacred bonds of love,
And follow in the path which leads,
To that better home above.

Dekalb Centre, (Ill.) J. W.G.

Temperance Facts.—The following startling statements relate to eight different families in a single town—The parents were *moderate drinkers!* Can heads of families read these facts without concern?

The first had one child, a daughter. A great sum was expended on her education. She died from the effects of strong drink.

The second had an only son. He was educated with great care and at great expense, but was killed by wine.

The third had four sons and one daughter.—The daughter is a drunkard, and one son has gone to a drunkard's grave.

The fourth had three sons. One died of intemperance, one was killed in a duel, and the other is a drunkard.

The fifth had one son who killed himself by drinking, and two step sons are drunkards on wine.

The sixth had five sons. Two are dead through intemperance, and another is a drunkard.

The seventh had five sons. Four are drunkards, and one through the influence of liquor is an idiot.

The eighth had five sons and three nephews. Four of the sons have been killed by Alcohol, and the fifth is a drunkard; and the three nephews are in the drunkard's grave. [N. Y. Casket.

THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

"It was only a little one," said John, in reply to his mother's reproof for taking an apple from the closet.

Nothing more was said: his mother was busy, and did not take time to show him his fatal mistake in thinking that, because a thing is of small value, it is not wrong to steal it. John went to school. "It is only a marble," said he, putting a pretty glass alley, which he found in William's desk into his pocket. When William missed his marble, he asked the boys if they had seen it.—They all said "no," and John's "no" was louder than any of the rest.

See how fast a boy gets on, when once he begins to do wrong! John took an apple in the morning; but he did not dare to tell his mother a falsehood about it. But his conscience was hardened, and the next time he was tempted he told a lie, as well as robbed his playfellow. He was mean, wicked, and cowardly. And for what? Only an apple and a marble.

Was he not a silly boy to sell his good name and good conscience so cheaply? To lose the favor of God, his own self-respect, and the good opinion of all who knew him, for the sake of gratifying a base passion? Little boys and girls know what I mean when I tell them to take care how they begin to do wrong. They all know how very easy it is to go on when they have once made a beginning, and how hard it is to stop. God has given you a conscience, or that feeling in you which tells you when you have done wrong. By this you may always know when you have acted wickedly. And always remember this rule: When you think a thing you are about to do is not right, if you do it, it is wicked. If you do anything thoughtlessly, and afterwards feel bad about it, let that be your warning, and never do it again. God has given our bodies the capacity of feeling pain, that we may take care of ourselves, that we may do ourselves no harm.—So he has made our souls capable of feeling great pain and sorrow when we do wrong. This is intended to keep us from doing wrong. When we commit a wicked act deliberately, and thoughtlessly, we do our souls as great a wrong as we should do our bodies if we should intentionally cut and gash ourselves, or break a limb.

Take just as much care, then, to avoid doing a wicked act, as you would to escape from a furious mad dog; and no more think of deliberately doing what you know to be wrong, than you would of putting your hand into the fire.

THE TWO GIVERS.

A collection for foreign missions was being made at a church door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a five pound note on the plate. The people admired the gift, and praised the giver, but it gave no thrill of joy in heaven. Directly after him there came a little, pale, poor girl, meanly clad, and poverty written out in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness, and a tear trembling in her eye, and laid beside the rich man's note a single penny. The crowd pushed her rudely by. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But Jesus and his angels, who were looking on, accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's note, and made a record of it to her honor.

You will ask, how came this difference?

That same morning the rich man had said within himself, "What shall I give to the collection to-day, for foreign missions? I must give a five-pound note, for that is what will be expected of me; and I wish my donation to be above all the others."

That same morning the little girl had been reading her Bible, and had seen the story of the love of Jesus, and loved him in return. She thought within herself, "If Jesus did so much for me, Oh! what can I do to show my love to him? There is to be a collection for foreign missions this day, and I have only a penny; but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and it may be he will accept it from me, for I love him very much."

The little girl took her penny and laid it on the chair before which she was kneeling, and prayed thus for a blessing:

"Oh, my God! here is a penny which I will give to thee. Take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it, so that it will do good to the poor heathen." Then rising from her knees, she took it to the church, and gave it as we said.

Reader, bear in mind, it is not *what* we give, but *how* we give, that makes the service acceptable. The poor widow's mite was declared more precious than the great man's gold, by Christ; and your single penny will be held of greater value, and perhaps do more good, than many pounds wrongly presented, if only given in the exercise of faith and love.

I'LL GO PRESENTLY.

This is not a good phrase. It has caused much mischief. Most children can remember a time when it has caused them sorrow.

"Lucy, run and see to your little brother.—He has crept out on the porch, and will get a fall if you do not make haste."

Lucy was very busy cutting out some pictures to paste in her scrap book, and without looking up, she replied, "Yes ma'am, I'll go presently."

Her mother passed out of the room as she finished speaking, relying on her daughter's obedience. Lucy thought she would just finish cutting one more picture, and then she She tried to feel very sure the baby no harm, it was but a moment, but it was a long one. The child meantime the steps and fell down several feet, its being severely bruised on the stones below cy, terrified at its screams, ran with it to mother, and the severe reproof she received joined to her grief at the baby's hurt, produced very salutary effect. She resolved thenceforth never to say, "I'll go presently," but, "I'll go now."

"Charles, it is time you were studying your lesson," said Mr. Brooks to his little son, as he passed him in the yard.

"Yes, sir, I'll go presently," said Charles who was very busily engaged in trying to construct a little sail boat. Some part of the work bothered him, but he thought "it will only take a minute longer, and that will make no difference." Alas, the school bell rang, and Charles had not learned his lesson. That day he got no ticket for perfect lessons, and at night was near the foot of his class. But he had learned a very useful lesson, and one which he never forgot.—Ever after, when Charles was reminded it was time to do anything, he always said "I'll go now," and he was always in time.

Bell Bird.—One meets in the forests of Guyana a bird much celebrated with the Spaniards, called *campanero* or bell-bird. Its voice is loud and clear as the sound of a bell, it may be heard at the distance of a league. No song, no sound can occasion the astonishment produced by the tinkling of the *campanero*. He sings morning and evening like most other birds, at mid-day he sings also. A stroke of the bell is heard, a pause of a minute ensues; second tinkling, and a pause of the same duration is repeated; finally a third ringing, followed by a silence of six or eight minutes. "Actæon," says an enthusiastic traveller, "would halt in the heat of the chase, Orpheus would let fall his lute to listen; so novel, sweet, and romantic is the silver tinkling of the snow white *campanero*." This bird is about the size of a jay; from its head arises a conical tube about three inches long, of a brilliant black, spotted with small white feathers, which communicates with the palate, and which, when inflated with air, resembles an ear of corn.

Temperance Policies.—The Cincinnati *Nonpariel* says:

A friend of ours, who has been rather too much addicted to the tippling vice, yesterday effected an insurance of $1000 upon his life, the policy containing the following provision:

"And I further agree, that in case I shall at any time during the continuance of my policy use as a beverage or in any other manner, internally, any spirituous liquors, wine or cider, (except prescribed by a respectable physician, in writing,) that all moneys that shall have been paid on said assurance, shall be forfeited to said company, and the policy become void."

"A policy embracing this provision can be procured at a reduction of about one-fourth the ordinary premium; and if a young man wants an excuse for not drinking, one of these policies supplies him with an excellent one.

IS YOUR NAME BROWN?

Captain W. tells an amusing occurrence witnessed by him last week on board the Ocean, on her passage down. An oldish and somewhat purblind gentleman pacing up and down the upper saloon, stopped in front of a large full-length mirror, and after gazing at the figure presented for a moment or two, inquired in a very deliberate tone—"Is—your—name—Brown?" No answer. Question repeated louder—"Is—YOUR—NAME—BROWN?" Question again repeated louder still, "IS—YOUR—NAME—BROWN?" Still no answer.

"Well," said the questioner, "your are either no gentleman, or *very deaf!*" The saloon was in a roar.—*Detroit Advertiser.*